

# HOMO DEI

*The Bush Years*

## ‘Far-flung (But Just a Poem)’

Far from, far flung, what chilling aspect snows your sanity?  
Is there no extradition from your alien cell of self-declared Divinity?  
Do you require exile to self-conjure your monstrous international recidivism?

Must we try you in a court of Godly sin?

For you are a bush, and bushes burn the terrain  
and grow again,  
not ever having really died —  
And I for my part am not willing to let you retard the flesh of so many lives.  
I would not even grant you the twig in your body after the act of cropping your  
mind.

## 'Lines'

I can't seem to get the poem set. The sun does rise. Through the birch. Like a bakery full of promise.

The antithesis of a cropping of a mind —  
ridden, ridden, all ridden.

As if prayer could help. Too complicated.

Ridden

with scurvy and the blood spots of lice.

Even in prison. Of course, especially in prison. Where we die. Where we live.

Slowly.

Or in the lightening flash moment and a blow to the head. Out, or down. Get up.

Or on the streets where the police  
kill us.

Approximate shakes. Lines of sweat. I am in it for the long haul. There is no doubt about that.

It is the vernacular of fact.

And I don't even submit, I don't need to. All I need to do is breath—exist.

Let the lines be edgy and cracky.

It absolutely makes no difference.

You pay no price for being stark:

You converge with no other process.

At most, you are your own creative geometry.

Signs are different here, a broken bed.

You may hitch yourself up to its metal posts

and the only result will be that you smile

at the inconsequence.

I may just bother.

## 'Dream of Day'

The lightening flash scurvy mass of tailwinds and sighs  
Sends my heart racing for the comfort of your thighs.  
The only major reaper of the length of the place  
Is a little bastard man with red beady eyes  
And a shotgun at his burly sallow side;  
And I wonder if this is really the place to reside;  
Here in this forsaken heaven of the skies  
On the yellow mountain wind of the winter-thin birch  
Such a calculation I cannot hide.  
The winds here break fast on this mound milieu  
Of red-written mats for the cramming to death  
Of the mind's angle faculties and the fanning to stealth  
Of the dearth coitus of reality.  
And so here's a picture for you, Son of Man,  
Take this to your hands and I want to hear you scream.  
My dream, the dream of Day, is over and done'd in,  
For the sallow ilk of your strange hymn  
Is no longer a plane for me; I'm the saddest witch of your fantasy.

## 'Death-gift'

If I could calculate a base  
To trump a turnip  
From the dead ground  
In time of famine  
And stay off the yellow wind  
That seeks to blend our grace with dearth  
I would turn the form of the Devil to ruin  
And say  
Come you back no more  
And present myself with a death-gift; to preserve my store.

## ‘Ugly Form’

There was a kind of man that you hire  
To prune your dreams  
And bluntly speaking  
He was a form out of Satan put into Man.  
If I could calculate a base to trump a turnip  
From the dead ground in time of famine  
I could whip such a man by the mere thought of his ugly form.

## ‘Day-end’

In the red-rusted tin shed where I used to copy out  
The demons of my doubt, there stands nothing now.  
The ghost of the days passed me by and left not even a standing tilt  
On which I could split the cases of my disappearing mind.  
The demon hills around this layabout fortress stuck up on a never ending  
precipice  
Sign my person away; it’s a ‘day-end’ with my face gone grey with the winter  
walnuts of sun  
by which I stay.

## ‘War Alone’

He was war alone for the whole acre; a silent dream  
That he could only measure by the stature of his manure.  
This a man was he.  
A labelled articulate beast for the manning of hell  
And the sandstone haven was just a skip away. So said the deer  
That when he was away a red wind blew and the powdery sky cooled  
And that he was told of by the barren earth that was his  
Nothing that he knew  
And blind in this burned bright in night home  
To the acre where he was master  
And bitterly basterd’d to his Maker.

## ‘Mitle’

I burned a poem because it didn’t have a title, as if the mitle of bed-shakes and coffins

Were a trump to form itself. Which it is not.

Or as if Chaucer’s little had a say in the matter.

It was a very different kind of thing.

And so the cancer of the hand-shake, all ceremonial moot act and trace

With early morning pacts with the sky.

## ‘Still Begging’

If my love were a lever to grief and I had to beg the leaf for grace —

As I would —

I’d be paralyzed in the face, a stone ghost still begging.

## ‘My Daminy’

There’s the shed. There are the rocks. The birch.

I can’t make it swing. The sudden chime

Of my daminy.

## ‘So Who?’

Who’s begging now? No, it wouldn’t be you.

So who?

## 'Let's Get On'

Well, the goddamned racks, so intent.  
We need a relent, a motted red surge  
To bury easy friends.  
I'm so careful. It's my tithe.  
Have you a remedy? I don't need one.  
I had a dream about a blood-stone.  
Throttle you, it would. Said, it would.  
Calm? Yes? That's good. Let's get on.

'O marn, cheram salm here no more. Ard'ed cry.'

The insult is there. The pills won't  
help.

The sallow triumphant gland  
has mesmerized the land.  
For this there will be no return.  
What's your name? Doesn't matter, we know what to do with you.

Written down,  
Christ  
No!

'Carry me away O Mammy. Eram lost in this land.'

The bitter taste of that moral-yellow  
man.

'O Lover be true, what would Earnest say!'  
'My Love, he would say that the Day is gone. I am so sorry to disappoint you.  
I didn't want to.'

Married people in the land. Quaker roots, can't even withstand.

'O marn, cheram salm here no more. Ard'ed cry.'

## ‘Dead-eye’

Winter wine, September, well it's time go, I won't explain,  
Treat me kind. I am, after all, I am, for the sundry of it, it, the familial it, the  
gruesome it,  
But I am, treat me kind, I can't explain, September wine.  
O God if. O God if. Why won't you tell?  
Am I a . . . Am I a . . . friend. . . to you? At all?

Treat me kind, September wine, bad winter tales.  
And let loose your demons. Dead-eye.  
True.  
It's you. It's you. It's you.  
Boo hoo?

‘The denigrated frame. Ailing junker ale.’  
‘It was that, that was awoken.’  
Signs are indeed different here, religious as all hell.  
Don't look for a connection.

## ‘War looms, we groom’

The sallow triumphant gland has mesmerized the land.  
War looms, we groom, remember this, soon enough.  
Married people in the land. Quaker roots, can't even withstand.  
Or can they can?

I had enough strength until a few minutes ago when I had a cigarette.  
Coming to, banish your fear. Stand up against it.

## ‘The Pruner in the Oval Office’

There was a kind of man that you hire to prune your dreams  
And bluntly speaking he was a form out of Satan put into man.  
If I could calculate a base to trump a turnip from the dead ground in time of  
war-famine  
And stay off the yellow wind that seeks to blend our grace with dearth  
I could whip such a man by the mere thought of his ugly form.

Thus, written, it is that that I have done.  
I am peacefully malcontent, with this pruner, but I will not pay his rent.



## 'Let's Get On II'

### **The Pentagon:**

'Well, the goddamned racks, so intent.

'We need a relent, a motted red surge

'To bury easy friends.'

### **The Lady in the East Wing:**

'I'm so careful. It's my tithe.

'Have you a remedy? I don't need one.

And you will keep it to yourself.'

### **The Man in the West Wing:**

'I had a dream about a blood-stone.

Throttle you, it would. Said, it would.'

'Calm? Yes? That's good. Let's get on.'

Was that the Pentagon?

## ‘In Norway’

I couldn't forge the list,  
In Norway.  
I couldn't bod the slippery trash,  
In Norway.  
I couldn't cash in,  
In Norway.

But—well, there is  
My Daminy and my Acre  
Printed onto a different spot  
In the world.

‘I say, friend, can you lend a hand.’  
‘No! Christ No!’

I learned that I was a good torturer,  
In Norway—  
As my victims pulled  
My fingernails out.

Just lend me an asymptotic  
Boundary,  
And I'll be fine!

We can start the Killing!  
In Norway.

## ‘Coo’

I'm going to earth. No one can stop me.  
I'm saving it all up. Do you wanna know how it's going to be?  
Clean. So clean. Clean is it going to be.

With a weather cock up your ass. Grass and beans.

That's for you General. Can I preen you?  
Gee. I'm so prude. I'm sorry. Preening helped?  
‘Coo.’

I'm going to earth. No one can stop me.  
And when I go, you'll come with me.

Every thought and thunder of you.

## ‘A Racked Divide’

And now I can contemplate the hill and wonder aloud  
What the final price will be for my final shroud—cruel words,  
An evil tongue, an empty purse—a racked Divide.

It was that that was never awoken. And here, this time,  
There may be a connection.

Let’s let the stars reckon with this Devotion.

Twinkling, all alight, owning the night.

And here I degrade the substance, because I could give a damn.

## ‘When I am Christened, as I am often’

When I am Christened, as I am often, do I feel the tug of ultimate maturity?  
Do I become ensconced?

Please note: I am not caged. It is liberation.

But the final stage does stress the curtains of its address and redress.  
The cleric counting counts for less—and the mounting bridal esteem in death  
Counts for more.

## ‘Germaine to the grassiest effort’

The winter in Vermont is the winter in Czech.

The liaison is linked by knots of rope: Suborned: ‘For Unlawful Carnal  
Knowledge.’

No, you’re kidding, of course. ‘No.’

Startled?

‘Coo.’ Germaine to the grassiest effort:

The whole thing is so foxy quiet: Dirt, Diet.

Suborned: the prisoner’s political fallout and will.